

Keep Whistling

KEEP whistling! It's better than pausing to fuss, and tearing your sweater, and raising a fuss. No woes or fears were banished by swear words and howls, no troubles or vanishing because of your scowls; they'll hang on the longer on finding you sore, they'll thrive and grow stronger and vex you the more. Keep whistling! It's wiser than taking a club and scolding Elmer, who's late with the grub; or roasting Susannah, who's painfully prone to punch the piano when she's enacting for everyone near. Keep whistling! It's saner than pawing the air; there's nothing that's vainer than testing your hair; and folks are not eager to let while you groan of sufferings meager compared with their own. Your friends will desert you and call you a bore, and think it a virtue to sidestep your door. Whereas if you whistle and laugh at your woes, and swear that a whistle is good as a deed, they'll say you're a honey, a bird and a peach; your life will be sunny, which now is a scorch.

(Copyright by George M. Adams.)

—WALT MASON.

Punctuality As A Rule of Life

SIGNIFICANT indeed is the fact that one of the things about South America that impressed Felix Martinez most deeply is the extreme punctuality of the people down there. We have so long been taught to regard South Americans as indolent and of the "manana" type, that Mr. Martinez's stories of the way those people value seconds and minutes in the business day and social day are mighty interesting.

An appointment for 3 o'clock meant 3 o'clock, and not 3:01, 3:12, or 3:42. When a committee or a president and his suite arranged for a meeting with the American commission, the doors were thrown open on the second and the party was expected to begin instantly. When the officials of one of the countries visited arranged for a call in diplomatic exchange of courtesy, the cards were laid on the table at the exact hour and moment specified, not a moment later or earlier.

It is a lesson we Americans sadly need to learn. It is the experience of all business men who value time by minutes, that more time is lost waiting for other people to keep engagements, than in actually doing business. Right here in El Paso, too many men are lax about these things.

Laziness or carelessness in keeping business engagements, and social engagements as well, is grossly unfair to one's fellowmen. John Jones may think he is mighty busy, he may forget an appointment, or he may deliberately slide over the hour. But he ought to stop to think that he may be keeping half a dozen other men waiting, who are just as busy with their own affairs, just as much entitled to consideration of their rights, and just as desirous of getting away with the business in hand.

There is really very little excuse for forgetting or ignoring a business appointment. Every man with ideas of system keeps a written record of appointments, or has some clerk keep it for him. The least he can do, when unavoidably detained away from an appointment, is to telephone, or have some one else do it, to the place of meeting, and let the other men know when to expect him.

We have many other things to learn from South America besides punctuality. But it is safe to say that every man who hears Mr. Martinez in his address describe the South American practice had to admit in his heart that one of the pet sins of El Paso business life has been touched to the raw nerve.

So far the peach crop in Delaware has not been ruined, and so far the peach crop of New Mexico is safe. There is always something to worry over; a mild winter brings the haunting fear that a late frost will nip the fruit buds and the summer will be short of peaches.

Birds' Delight

ONE LITTLE island in Gatun lake in the Panama canal zone is the most interesting bird center in the western hemisphere; there are more varieties of birds found there than in any other one place. A bird enthusiast in two short trips found more than 300 varieties.

Smaller, local bird centers are found all over the country, places where the climate, the water, the supply of seeds and small bugs and worms, seem exactly to suit the birds. Cloudcroft mountain is a bird-loved part of the world. No one with authority to limit the number has counted the varieties that are there during the summer, but they seem almost as numerous as the flowers.

Like the flowers they have their seasons. One little ruby throated humming bird goes up to the mountain top for two weeks only; the blue jay is generally there all summer; thrushes have their few weeks of song; robins, while they are mating and nesting in the first weeks of summer, sing their glad songs from the top of the highest trees; wrens, chickadees, woodpeckers, doves, flickers, tanagers, green humming birds, bluebirds, all and more are there.

As yet there are no sparrows; the wild birds have their way. El Paso doorways used to be brilliant bird centers when bluebirds, redbirds, goldfinches, red headed finches, and wrens stopped to drink at the garden faucets and sing their songs. But with the English sparrow coming in by the million the little wild birds have mostly been either fought off or starved off.

Besides the several attempts to fly across the Atlantic ocean, this summer will probably see a round-the-world airship race. The Panama Pacific exposition is asking the different governments of the world to patrol the proposed course. The United States, England, and France will be asked to keep scout cruisers on the Atlantic; the United States, Russia, and Japan to keep up a similar patrol across the Pacific, along the way below the air lines the bird men will use. Russia is asked to have troops patrol the lonely stretches of Siberia and Manchuria to give aid to the aviators if necessary.

A French biplane flyer took seven passengers up a mile towards heaven in a half hour, demonstrating extraordinary lifting powers for his wings; he might have descended even faster if he had so desired.

The Right To Dodge

THE AMERICAN express company in New York has put a notice on its motor trucks and wagons saying that the pedestrian has the first rights at street crossings and all motor vehicles in the service must slow down and let the walker go his way. The right of the man on foot seems likely to become only a shred of a right—the right to dodge—while automobiles and motorcycles go their autocratic way. Some such common sense rule as the New York express company management has established ought to be made universal. The experienced automobile driver is a clever mind reader; he usually can guess quite accurately what the people on foot are going to do, and he either slips by them before they know he is so near, counting on his own swiftness, or he honks at them, counts on which way they will jump, and gets through without killing anybody or slowing down.

But it is hard on the nerves of the world. To slow down at crossings for pedestrians and give them the right of way is fairer and safer.

Another hoary old liar of a joke dated—200,000 women registered for voting in Chicago and all told their ages.

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald This Date 1900.

Miss Mary Cuniff came down from Las Cruces this morning.

El Paso and vicinity experienced a cold wave yesterday and today.

Miss Emily Berryman is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. H. Price, in El Paso.

Lieutenant Bull, of Fort Bliss, returned from San Antonio this morning.

Conductor Charlie Pollock and agent Morris, of the White Oaks, are in the city.

Division Superintendent J. E. Hurley, of the Santa Fe, is in El Paso on business.

Miss Inez Burnham, a niece of Mrs. Chubb, is here from Omaha on a visit to her aunt.

C. B. Eddy, of the El Paso and Northwestern, is in town again, after a week out on the line.

Chas. Fox and Mrs. Francis Clutter will receive on Wednesday of this week instead of Thursday.

J. L. Simmons, foreman of the T. & P. car shops, has returned from a business trip to Thurber and Gordon, Tex.

Mrs. R. V. Bowden, a talented singer, who has lately made El Paso her home, will give a solo at Miss Bowman's recital.

Jerry Wines, the mining prospector, left over the Mexican Central today for a tour of the mining districts of northern Mexico.

J. A. Mitchell, formerly of the El Paso fire department, has returned from the Yagui country, where he went with a party on a prospecting tour. Water, Davis, Joe Williams, Eugene Neff and George Flory were in one crowd and Oliver Dutton, Jim Paul and George Hale constituted the other party which went hunting yesterday down the river near San Elizario.

The chamber of commerce committee on public improvements and institutions met yesterday afternoon at the El Paso club room and organized and outlined a plan of work. Those present were: John Julian, J. A. Morrill and W. H. Tuttle. Mr. Morrill spoke of the proposed city high school and he thought that an admirable site for it could be found one block west of Buckler square. Mr. Tuttle stated he thought something could be done with Washington park in the matter of improvements.

A large gathering witnessed the public installation of El Paso Commandery No. 18, Knights Templar, and took part in the hospitable reception which followed. The following named were installed as officers: H. A. Carpenter, J. R. Watson, E. W. R. Neff, E. C. Fawcett, C. L. Leckie, J. W. Connelly, E. M. Bray, J. Phipps, J. C. Ross, J. B. Brady, R. W. Brown, E. F. DeVoe and R. D. Richey. The following participated in the program: Chas. R. Kahr, J. D. Milne, George Parker, H. B. Spier, Mrs. H. A. Carpenter, Mrs. W. D. Brown and Miss Florence Beall.

THE TWO SISTERS

By Virginia Terhune Van De Water

CHAPTER XIV.

HARRY SOMERDYKE was later than he had meant to be when he met Ben Hadley on the Coney Island boat. Indeed he had promised to be at One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street at least fifteen minutes ahead of time so that he and Ben might secure good seats. But, as has been seen, he arrived just in time to get on board before the boat left the pier. And Kelly Delaine was the person who had made him late.

The author after parting from Julia Marvin, started for his apartment, his thoughts full of the girl and what she had told him. He knew that he loved her, and to him she meant service. What could he do to make her life bright even if he could not win her affection? There was no doubt in his mind as to what he was to do, and since his friend who had taken her out to luncheon and on an automobile ride without her sister's knowledge, surely it was his duty to come to her and try to keep any harm from coming to the girl.

It was well enough for him to tell Julia that he would try to guard her sister and to influence her to be discreet and circumspect, but it was quite another thing for him to win Cary's confidence and persuade her that he had only her good at heart. She was such a vain little creature, so void of admiration, so full of self, he felt baffled when he tried to imagine himself arguing with her. Still, he had given his word and meant to do his best. But surely it would be wise for him to remove temptation from her path, if possible. And in this case temptation meant Harry Somerdyke.

Harry Somerdyke, the only son of a rich man, now dead, had done pretty much as he pleased since childhood. Delaine had known him intimately when the two were young and together, but for the past five years Harry had been one of the United States—spent much of his time playing up engineering in Venezuela, and the friends had seen little of each other. In their few conversations since Somerdyke's return from Venezuela, where he expected to remain for only a little while—Delaine felt how much the man had changed and how different. Yet surely he had still at heart some of the good old principles, to which as young men they had both subscribed, and which each other had reached. Harry was thoughtful, self-indulgent and full of fun, but he was not bad.

Remembering all this, Delaine changed his course, and instead of going home went straight to Somerdyke's hotel. Upon Harry he found that Harry had just come in and was in his room, where Kelly was conducted after he had announced himself on the house telephone.

"Hello, old man!" Harry greeted him cordially. "What's up?"

"I just now, and here you blow in an hour later. Sit down and have a smoke while I dress."

"Thanks, no," Delaine replied. "Go on dressing—don't wait for me. I can only stay a few minutes, as I'm due at my apartment to dinner and you want to feed also."

"I'll dine here on an engagement in a little while I'll insist on your eating here with me," said Harry. "But I'm just going to get a life from the fact that Ben Hadley, who is in town for a few days. We're going down to Coney just for the sail, and we'll have supper afterwards and then to bed. You almost persuaded Ben to go to South America when I go back. There's a good engineering opening there for him. You remember Ben—your cousin?"

"Sure! I knew him at school, but haven't seen him for years."

"He's a good fellow," commented Harry, "and first rate company."

"Well, I won't keep you from him long," said Delaine. "To come to the point, I want to speak to you about my little sister, Cary."

"Don't laugh," as Somerdyke grinned. "She's of no consequence to me except that she's in my company. But she's a good girl, Harry, and young and susceptible. Don't let her make a fool of herself over you. You've seen me lately, haven't you? I've been a man pay her any attention before."

Then so gravely that Somerdyke had to look at him more seriously than he was natural to him. Delaine told him of these two girls—how they had come to New York from an unconscious habit to their own living, that they were having a hard time, and that the older one was trying to be both mother and sister to the younger one. If she expects to keep tab on that sassy little creature, Somerdyke commented, she must have the advantage of being able to serve good hot coffee. After the lunch stand has been established for some time, it should prove a very good proposition.

"I attended a Methodist supper the other night," said Frank J. Simmons, a local business man, who had been speaking more truth than I have heard in a long time. He said he knew business men who borrowed money when they were in a bind. When people are scared, they go to borrowing. But you can just feel that times are good of getting out of a bind. An automobile man told him last December 20, when he went out and was able for the first time in a long time to get his accounts. Times are all right, I think everyone is feeling the influence of this."

"This cattlemen's convention at Oklahoma City is going to mean a big thing for El Paso," said D. F. White, a local cattlemen, and it is going to be a big thing when we bring home the next convention for 1915. Not only the impression that we can make upon the cattlemen, but the gathering together of all the southwest cattlemen will result in profits to this section. The convention for El Paso in 1915 would mean a mighty big thing financially, in the amount of actual cash spent during the convention, and also the amount of business it would bring later to the cattle market here."

"These Mexican frontiers are cleaner now than they were ever before in their history," said Capt. John T. Axton, the sky pilot of the 30th Infantry. "We're having more baths than ever before in their lives, but they are having to keep their living quarters cleaner than they ever dreamed of doing before."

"The people generally to whom I have talked are rich in sympathy with the manner in which the United States has handled the Mexican situation," said Martin H. Smith, a retired business man of Oklahoma City, who is on route to California. "They seem to think the United States has issued too many warnings that it has not acted upon. One of the cartoons I have seen on this subject showed Bryan and Wilson blowing soap bubbles. One of the bubbles was labeled 'Mexico must resist' and one was labeled 'You must not shoot across the border,' and another said 'You must not assume the Mexican congress.' Hinder the Mexican people with a pea shooter, bursting each of the bubbles."

"We are greatly pleased with the essays on El Paso and Her Early History, submitted by the school children in competition for the medal of honor in the Department of Education of the Daughters of the American Revolution," said Mrs. H. W. Broadbent, the county superintendent of education. "The essays were well written and showed that the writers had spent much time and work in gathering the material for the essays. We had real winners, as the standard was so good."

"We expect to wake Oklahoma City up when we reach there," said Burt Orndorff, chairman of the El Paso delegation to the 1914 convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution, which is to be held next month in the Oklahoma city. "Vila's official band will accompany us, and you know that a big lot of advertising that 'stunt' will give to El Paso. Souvenirs will be distributed characteristic of the occasion, such as miniature Mexican sombreros and canes. But we are counting on the Villa band for the bit of the whole convention."

"New international questions will arise, now that Maximo Castillo is a prisoner in the United States," said William Wells, after reading The Herald's extra telling of the outlaw's crime. "He has not committed a capital offense, and he is not a citizen of the United States territory and he cannot be extradited to Mexico, because this country has recognized neither Carranza nor Huerta. If Villa asks for him, the American authorities will have to refuse, as turning him over to the rebel authorities would mean a virtual admission of recognition. Probably, these are the able to come up every day as long as peace is still an unknown quantity in the southern republic."

"I had a small auto accident last evening; you want to know how it happened?" said C. B. Stevens, Wednesday morning. "I was driving up Mesa avenue at a moderate rate of speed and when in front of the Orndorff hotel, I saw a car turn from the left side in the right and I immediately turned my car to the left side, applying the brake, and struck the rear wheel of a Ford car driven by Mr. Martin, of the Bailey Land company, doing some damage to the steering arms and axle of my car; his car was slightly damaged also."

"If auto drivers insist on turning cars in the middle of the block, some day there will be a very serious accident. He had two people in his car besides himself and it is a great wonder that I did not strike him broadside, but I was able to get to the right in the street in front of the Bailey Land company office. If the police would make a few arrests for turning cars in the middle of the block in crowded streets and the judge would give a heavy fine, it might result in saving somebody's life."

LITTLE INTERVIEWS

"EL PASO is becoming a city of apartment houses," said J. R. Fleck. "Although this city was a little slower than others in adopting the modern idea of apartment houses, now that the convenience of living in this manner has been fully demonstrated, the apartment idea is growing here as may easily be seen from the large number of splendid apartment houses that have been built and are being built all over the city. Not only does the apartment house offer the maximum of comfort with the minimum of labor on the housewife's part, but as a financial investment, it brings better returns than any other kind. The apartment house has not only come to stay, but can be expected to constantly increase through every section of the city, keeping pace with the building of the city."

"Coincidence is two in the life of a theatrical man the same as in that of a regular human being," said J. M. Abrams, advance representative of The Traffic company. "It is here to illustrate the appearance of his company. 'I was here with Officer 666, when The Traffic was playing at the El Paso theater. I thought it was a good bill then but I did not have any idea I would soon be ahead of the same play. I got a message to join the Traffic company and company and jump from New York to El Paso to take the company playing The Traffic. It is a play with a punch. In Chicago the play was a success. In El Paso we see it and we are playing El Paso a second time because the play is strong enough to stand another appearance in the same year."

"The high school is doing fairly well with the lunch stand," said principal L. H. Hughes. "Two of the boy students have charge of the stand and they sell about 100 lunches a day. When the boys have the stand with a grocery store near the school and two women on the ground selling lunches, they are managing to keep up the stand. They have the advantage of being able to serve good hot coffee. After the lunch stand has been established for some time, it should prove a very good proposition."

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"This Is My Birthday Anniversary"

WHEN the poets have desired to express the utmost longing of man, worthy or unworthy, they have employed thirst as the figure of speech to convey their meaning. Hence we have the expressions, "thirst for his spirit," "thirst for fame," "accursed thirst for gold," "thirst of glory," and the psalmist's, "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God."

The appearance of the earth this morning told how the thirst of the ground had been quenched by last night's rain; all Nature was refreshed, and the wayfarer this morning rejoiced with the grass, the trees, and the birds.

The young people starting out thus auspiciously on a new year of life are:

Tonatta Nunn, 15.
Willette Machotte, 10.
Edgar Chev, 10.
Tom B. Jackson, 11.
Ruby Graham, 11.
Myrtle Catlin, 11.

There is a ticket to the Bijou at the Herald office for each one of the above named boys and girls. Call on "Miss Birthday."

Thrift Leads To Fortune

Definition of Young Girl Is One of the Best Yet Given: With Hard Work, It Means Financial Success.
BY T. D. MacGREGOR.

"By thrift is meant simply that way of living which systematically transfers a portion of one's income to one's capital. It is not inconsistent with generosity."—Dr. Shailer Mathews.

PENNSYLVANIA girl has won the prize that the American Society for Thrift recently offered for the best definition of thrift. "Thrift," she wrote "is management of your affairs in such a manner that the value of your possessions is constantly being increased."

The girl has come pretty close to hitting the nail on the head, and in simple language she has told us a secret of how to create personal capital. This would be a discouraging world for the man compelled to start life without financial resources if it were not possible for him to create capital for himself.

Every man has the glorious privilege of work, and not the least of the rewards of labor is the satisfaction of producing something, and turning of part of one's earnings into capital. Don't misunderstand the meaning of the word by work or merely by month. A big sum acquired at one stroke of fortune. In most cases it is the big aggregate of little sums, saved by slow degrees.

Money gets made, but those without it come to grief. It is the man who has money, forgetting that every great fortune was born of hardship and sacrifice on the part of the possessor or somebody not very far back.

Such persons also seem to overlook the fact that he who works and thrives, they themselves can build up the nucleus of a fortune and put themselves in a position to enjoy the earning power of money.

Will you be able to live on your savings when you reach the time of life when you ought to retire from active work?

Do you realize what you must do now to be able, later, to do as you please? For the average man the only way to reach that happy state is to save systematically a portion of his income, week by week or month by month. Banks exist for the express purpose of helping people save and care for their money.

The Daily Novelette

VILLAINY A LA 1914.

A thought just flitted by her and she didn't know what it meant. Of all the thoughtless thoughts she thought of, this one flitted.

None of them flitted flitter. THE villain cackled shrilly. Ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha!

Disguised as a beautiful girl fashionably attired in a green afternoon modish gown, he had taken the heroine unawares and bound her to a cask of gunpowder with a slow burning fuse attached. It was a master stroke. The disguise had been perfect.

"In fourteen minutes, my proud beauty, you will be higher than the crest of living!" he croaked. "The fuse with a safety match, he slunk away."

But did Annabelle Annelly's face denote perturbation? Nope! Uh-huh! It looked like the tightest squeeze yet, but the hero would rescue her. He had been recurring to the idea of a melodramatic rescue since he had started, so why should he fall down at this late date? The heroine, confident in the face of what seemed certain death.

"He will come," she said to herself a little nervously after seven minutes of waiting.

"What can be keeping him? He was always on time before," she thought. Fluttering heart four minutes later. Only a foot of fuse remained.

Two blocks away under the light of a lamp post, a modish looking young woman in a green afternoon gown was teaching the hero how to do it. He was the hero. He felt, dimly, that he was needed elsewhere, but each time he tried to break away, a strong arm would catch his attention by a new step.

There was a deafening detonation. The villain had put an end to the series forever.

(Articles by this noted writer are regular features of The El Paso Herald.)

Advice To the Lovelorn
By Beatrice Fairfax.

BE A LITTLE INDIFFERENT.
Dear Miss Fairfax:
I am 19 and work in a store with a number of other girls. A young fellow, a player, stops in of mornings to talk with the girls. I am greatly interested with him, but he doesn't seem to pay any more attention to me than to the others. How can I win his affection in such a way so he will be unwary of it?

Nineteen other girls hang around him like bees around a sweet mother to his existence. He will at least tell me that you are not interested in him, and that will awaken his interest in you.

GIVE HIM UP.
Dear Miss Fairfax:
I have been keeping company with a young man for two years. Recently he acts as though he is tired of me. He does not say his debts and does not save anything up. He asked me to marry him some time ago, and I promised him, but he is now going to the bad. I don't know what to do, as I love him.

Refuse to have anything to do with him, and instead of mourning, try to be grateful that his unworthiness developed before you were married. He now will be easier than a lifetime of want and humiliation.

Little Bobbie and His Pa

Pa Decides He Will Go to Mexico and Shoot Zapata but Has Trouble Convincing Ma That He Should Do So.
By William F. Kirk.

I HAVE been reading a lot about this Mexican bandit Zapata, sed pa, & a ddee has been growing in my brain.

Well, sed ma, give the idee plenty of time to grow. Goodness knows a idee wud have plenty of room to grow there, & plenty of lonely days & nites, ma sed.

I do not need to let the idee grow any larger, sed pa, it is developed now. All I need now is sum funds & a few brave men, & I am going down into Mexico & capture this Mexican bandit singel handed.

Ma is Amused.
Ha, ha, sed ma, ha, ha. Ha, ha, sed ma, ha, ha. Is on the idee, you are allay, for all you know? sed pa. Do you laff wen you know that I am going almost alone into the heart of Mexico? I know you, my brain & courage arguent the worst hand in the southwest.

Ha, ha, sed ma, aggen. Oh, husband dear, you are too comical. You do not seem to realize that I am in dolly earnest, sed pa. Why, he sed, I have my plans so far advanced that I am now going down town to see if I can get sum rich man interested in the scheme, & then I will take down town to Mexico & get out the city to go with me. I don't know just what time I will be hoam.

Then I know that you will be hoam all the evening. There will be no trip taken tonight, my dear hero. Home is where the heart is, & yure heart will beet around here all this long, delectable evening.

But I am in dolly earnest about this plan, sed pa. Nothing to it, Says Ma.
I am in dolly earnest about yure staying around there apartments, sed ma. Let these Mexicans thrash out there own troubles. What if you shud go down to Mexico & get out the city to go with me. I don't know just what time I will be hoam.

I do not intend to let him kill me, sed pa. The long years I spent on the desert in my early manhood taught me all the cunning of the plains.

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Then I know that you will be hoam all the evening. There will be no trip taken tonight, my dear hero. Home is where the heart is, & yure heart will beet around here all this long, delectable evening.

But I am in dolly earnest about this plan, sed pa. Nothing to it, Says Ma.
I am in dolly earnest about yure staying around there apartments, sed ma. Let these Mexicans thrash out there own troubles. What if you shud go down to Mexico & get out the city to go with me. I don't know just what time I will be hoam.

I do not intend to let him kill